





## THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

## Some Comments About Men, Women and Ladies.

## Styles and Novelties in House-Furnishing—Favorite Woods and Forms.

## Hats and Bonnets for Autumn—Materials and Trimmings.

One bears a great deal now and then about the indiscriminate use of the word "lady," and there is a general impression abroad that its application ought to be confined to the members of certain classes in society. People have had a good deal of amusement at the expense of the "näseblides," and appear to think neither they nor any other "woman-ladies" have a right to the term. Now the Woman's Hour believes that no other term is equal to the "grand old name," women, which means so much in its sweetness and simplicity, its directness and strength, and which comes down to us from such a long line of honorable associations. All the same, if "lady" becomes the general name for members of the feminine sex, why should it not be applied to the women on both sides of the counter?

One prays that the sex "the divinity" and a superior name applied to one part and a reproach to the other? What right has any person to call them "ladies" to be "persons of fancy complexion?" What right has any portion of the feminine sex, by reason of birth or wealth, or culture, or for any other cause, to give of to the right to be called a woman? Are we women, the rest of you are females? The desire to do this is natural, and even those of vulgar taste who are not naturally more upbraided with a situated woman, nothing more utterly vulgar than the I-am-better-than-you spirit, which is the spirit that objects to calling a woman who sells, a girl. And when a woman, or a man, who sells the flowers a hoy, it is that the term by which the woman who buys the goods, or for whom the cooking and scrubbing are done, is intended to be applied to her.

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The amot and degree of unmitigated nonsense that occasionally gets itself spread abroad by and among sensible people under the disguise of being etiquette are, to say the least, somewhat astonishing. This has no reference to that common sense and kindness, that general courtesy and mutual respect under the general title of "good manners" form the basis of all social life; but it is in the particular communities by which society in particular communities decides to guide the walk of its members in small important matters.

These are purely arbitrary, and told on no particular occasion, and vary widely with different countries and communities.

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But aside from these things there are certain absurd ideas that get confused in our minds with the idea of what is right and what is wrong, and occasionally get themselves accepted as a portion of that labyrinthine structure called etiquette.

It was to such as these that our opening sentence referred. And as we illustrated in our article in Harper's Bazaar—the glass of fashion and the mould of form in all such matters—so far as to what a lady should do under certain circumstances.

"Another writes to us that she should take a gentleman's hat and coat when he calls. We say, 'No, never.'

One day a man, very chivalrous and an eminent custom make a man the servant of women. The old form of salutation used by Sir Walter Raleigh, or others, is still in use, always, servant, madam, and it is the prettiest, and most adoring way for a man to address a woman in any language.

Now, we suppose that the question of whether or not a man should be conscious of a gentleman's hat and coat when he calls, is a very trivial one, and that the look, cost, or are of fine wool, with oil finish that makes a fabric agreeable to the touch.

A rug that finds its way into the homes of the greatest number of people, because of its modest cost, is the American Smyrna rug. This, as the name indicates, is an imitation of the original Smyrna, which are not as attractive as those made in China, but are as durable, and there is a certain amount of color, and wear, and are used for many purposes.

These are some heavy carded velvets, or a

kind of mohair, and are principally of jet or tortoise-shell.

**Varieties and Suggestions.**

Overall mantles of navy blue serge, with cuffs and collar of saffron, flannel, and white braid, are stylish and common-sense garments for use on the seashore or yachting in breezy weather.

The first importations of sail dress goods, roughened cloth in the female's style, single

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## Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1833.

## NO THREE-CENT STAMPS

will be accepted by THE WEEKLY GLOBE in payment of subscriptions or account of the new postage law, which substitutes two-cent stamps in their place. Stamps of the denomination of one, two, five or ten will be received as heretofore.

## HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canada, one year, free of postage, for only \$1.00; six copies for only \$5.00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town, county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mail will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 30cts. per line. About 5 words average a line. Editorial Notices 50cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on \$100; 10 on \$200.

## REPUBLICANS IN HARMONIOUS.

Some months ago the Boston Traveller sent one of its chosen emissaries through the Old Bay State to feel the Republican political pulse of party leaders on the subject of "harmony." The scribe met with varying success, at times recording a quick, active sensation, and at others a low-ebbing tide, which indicated forlorn hopes for the future of the grand old party. Not until one Mr. HOAR of Worcester was accosted on the subject did this wonderful trip come to a close, and that a very sudden one.

"Senator," said the scribe, "the Traveller would like your views on 'harmony' in the party and the best method to procure harmony;" to which the Senator retorted, with a glance at the copper to his boot, "I have nothing to say, sir, to the Boston Traveller."

The scribe took the next train for Boston. This closed the chapters on harmony, and the collector of the port of Boston's organ dropped the subject and took it for granted that all was peace and quiet along the Republican line.

Civil service reform principles, if properly lived up to, would restrain a Republican officerholder from participation in active politics, but, like all other modern doctrines of the dude party, the little rule of necessity compels a violation of the regulations under which we are led to believe the Republicans hold their positions of trust. This necessity has forced the collector of Boston to put his hand to the helm and direct his emissaries to make a second crusade from Berkshire to Cape Cod to fatten public opinion on the coming election.

The circular, which was made up in the Traveller office, was prepared with extreme care; but how the list of correspondents who should reply was obtained has not been told. The Traveller states that there shall be no disclosure of the names of the gentlemen to whom the Traveller handed the circulars, nor are we told what good words were poured into the ears of the Republicans who received the circulars as to what the tone of their replies should be. The advice which was given was carefully hatched up at the top and foot of State street, where the Traveller and the custom house stand in close relationship, with one head to the two institutions.

The answers which came to the conundrums propounded by a stalwart Republican, and intended for Republican use, did not meet with such a unanimous response, that "BUTLER must go," as was anticipated. Some 300 replies were received from thrice that number of clerks, which the Traveller man is reported to have handed around. So that, as to two-thirds, it was a failure almost from the start, but the remaining third, who responded did not sing in tune to the pitch which the collector had given.

There are many things favorable to boarding-house managers deserving of mention. In the first place, in a large city like Boston, they accommodate thousands of people of limited means who otherwise would have a hard time to get meals for a week at low prices. Secondly, they furnish, for the money asked, more food than a large percentage of their patrons ever found upon the table in the rural home from which they came. Thirdly, the hours of meals are so arranged as to accommodate all parties. Fourthly, the meal is ready when wanted, a very great advantage to busy people.

The quality of the food placed upon the table brings us to the greatest factor in the whole business and the topic which gives rise to much talk among thoughtless people. Some who condemn the viands the most violently, it is safe to assert, never lived so well, for with all their fault-finding they never leave and go elsewhere. They are not so foolish as to abandon a good thing.

There is the lady who is too lazy to go to housekeeping with her husband. She knows (?) how food ought to be cooked, but it will be a frigid day when she is caught attempting it. Then the young man, recently from a farm, who never saw so many vegetables on the table before, because his father raised them to sell, and lived on salt meats and codfish. He thinks it is "cittified" and well-bred to sniff at his food and declare that "unless the table is improved I shall be obliged to secure another place." The "delicate" young lady, weighing about 110 pounds, never takes any exercise, and as she is, like all "delicate" young ladies, a voracious eater, she thinks that the food must be blame for her little aches. If she would eat less and exercise more she would feel better. The landlady has all tastes to satisfy—those who want fat meat, lean meat, vegetables of all kinds, pies, cakes, fruits, etc., and she patiently does her best, and yet there are growers. And then to cap the climax, when her moderate bills are presented a certain percentage of the boarders find themselves minus the money to pay her, and this is a dead loss to her.

Of course, there are good and poor places in every city where boarders are taken, but because there are some bad ones all of the others should not be condemned. It is suspected that a host of city people who have been boarding in the country and seen none of that "rich milk and fresh vegetables from the garden" they heard of, are glad to get back to their old boarding accommodations here. There are always two sides to a question, and the flippant remarks about this class of caterers have ceased to be interesting to the public.

Those unfortunate people who go about the world with an over-supply of advice and counsel which they yearn to bestow upon their friends, but whose efforts are never appreciated, may take comfort in learning that a brother yearner has been driven to advertising to find a market for his counsel and advice. He

lives on the 300 replies to the collector's circular, that "BUTLER must go," will not end in the collector's going, and his party with him. It is the old adage, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." The Daily Evening Traveller ought to take care lest the collector go and the Governor remain for another year.

## PROSPERITY.

It is well perhaps that a certain large class of people do not have wealth thrust upon them in a moment. When the recent failures of several bankers occurred it is safe to assert that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of individuals of small means who averred that if they had only had \$50,000 or \$100,000 of the amount lost they "would have known what to do with it." And yet experience, that great school which tries all men, shows that they would have been apt to make fools of themselves with that amount of cash as to have wisely invested it. Indeed the basis of many "deals" in stocks and bonds is the shrewd belief that "the fools are not all dead yet," and that they will rush in with their money "where men fear to tread." And so it is in almost any walk of life that men can be found who cannot bear prosperity. As a writer sensibly puts it: "People should, above all things, take prosperity quietly. One should not get excited or allow it to disturb one's equanimity. It is ruinous to become elated. There is a special need that the judgment should be calm and clear and every mental faculty under restraint in the moment of good fortune. Many a golden opportunity has been lost, and even converted into an occasion of danger and misfortune, by precipitate or careless management under the influence of undue hilarity."

Persons who are constantly complaining that they cannot get ahead in life should keep cool and remember that it is the achievement of little successes that renders great ones possible. It is this complaining class who oftentimes could not stand prosperity. Those who work hard, save their money, do not misapply their abilities and energies and are willing to "let well enough alone," when their opportunity comes to hold a higher position in their chosen line of business, are generally equipped to do so without letting their prosperity turn their brains.

## WHO IS THAT DEMOGOGUE?

It is now ten days since the Transcript published an interview with Lieutenant-Governor AMES in which occurred these paragraphs:

"GENERAL BUTLER, said Mr. AMES, once did a kind act for my father, and I esteem him highly as a man; but politically he is a demagogue. Indeed, I have told him so to his face."

"Mr. AMES again said that the Governor was a very pleasant gentleman, and he valued his friendship highly; 'but,' said he, 'as I told the Governor himself, politically he is altogether bad.'

We are informed on good authority that Mr. AMES denies that he called the Governor a "demagogue," or said that he is politically "altogether bad." We are still further informed that last Monday morning he was determined to contradict the statements of the Transcript in every paper in the city, but has thus far been restrained by the Republican State Committee.

We are further informed that the Transcript sent one of its most careful men to interview the lieutenant-governor, and that this gentleman not only insists that the language was used by Mr. AMES, but is ready to make his affidavit to that effect, and will do so if the language is denied by Mr. AMES. Now, all this has a flavor of favor of business.

Mr. AMES, evidently through a slip of the tongue, may have called somebody a "demagogue." He could not have meant the genial editor of the Transcript. Possibly he may have meant Mr. BEARD, Mr. LODGE, Mr. FLAGG, INSECT SAWYER & ADIN THAYER. He may have been thinking of Senator HOAR. If he used the word the Transcript man may have been misled in the application.

There is evidently a misunderstanding here which must be cleared up. Either Mr. AMES or the Transcript man can have the floor.

## IN DEFENCE OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

Innumerable paragraphs for the press have plenty of sarcastic remarks about boarding-house keepers, and nothing to say in favor of this class of caterers. The latter, however, do not appear to let these observations disturb their equanimity, nor should they. Adverse criticisms are not aimed at those who keep first-class places, yet it is an undoubted fact that even the proprietors of these here growls enough about "boarding-houses" without looking in the papers for them.

There are many things favorable to boarding-house managers deserving of mention. In the first place, in a large city like Boston, they accommodate thousands of people of limited means who otherwise would have a hard time to get meals for a week at low prices.

Secondly, they furnish, for the money asked, more food than a large percentage of their patrons ever found upon the table in the rural home from which they came. Thirdly, the hours of meals are so arranged as to accommodate all parties. Fourthly, the meal is ready when wanted, a very great advantage to busy people.

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makes known his wares in the London Times after the following fashion: "Alone, yet not alone—To him or her who is desolate, lonely or forsaken. A clergyman of the Church of England, who, for nearly fifty years, has observed and experienced the hardness of mankind, and of people professing to be religious, years to give counsel and a brother's sympathy to those who sorely need it." He adds that he has no money to bestow, but "lovingly" invites "the most dejected and dispirited" and "those who regard themselves as the most degraded" to respond to his advertisement.

## A FIGHT FOR A WIFE.

Who shall say that the age of chivalry is passed away or that the nineteenth century is less romantic than the sixteenth? Two men in New York the other day, inspired by affection for a black-eyed damsel, agreed to decide which should withdraw from the contest for her favor by the issue of a game of euchre. In the course of the game it became necessary to vindicate their respective honors against the charge of jokers in the sleeve and they proceeded to settle the two questions together by a tournament with plain fists. Can any antiquary say that there is any difference between this method of winning the favor of a "lady fair" and the tournaments of the middle ages, at which the fair one was accustomed to preside and bestow her favor upon the winning knight? With the glamor of two or three hundred years and of poetry and romance thrown over it, the time of the tournament seems very magnificent and most romantic. And in the glaring light of the present, the affray between the knight of the dust-cart and the knight of the ice-cart seems very brutal and disgusting. But there is no essential difference between the two, and either the present time is more romantic than it gets the credit of being, or the former age was more brutal than chivalrous.

## THE COMING OF COLEBRIDGE.

The visit of Lord Chief Justice COLEBRIDGE to this country is one unusual importance in the relations between England and America. In his rank, as rook goes in England, he holds, with the exception of members of the royal family, the highest place of any English visitor we have ever had. In the legal line of hours he occupies the second highest post that England knows, the Lord Chancellor being his only superior.

His visit will stimulate interest in legal matters, and lead to closer comparison of the legal systems of the two countries, a proceeding which usually results in more or less modification of these systems. And when a man of such learning and experience in the law visits us for the purpose of studying our legal institutions and methods, and we are enabled to see them as they appear to the eyes of one so well qualified to judge, we have the opportunity of being greatly benefited by the view.

The lord chief justice has the reputation of being a polished and elegant speaker, and of possessing a large and varied store of legal learning. His course has not been marked by any striking accomplishments, but he made a rapid progress from the position of an advocate to that of which he now holds. He has had but slight connection with either politics or literature, though in the latter connection he bears an honored name.

Wherever he goes in his too-brief tour through this country, our distinguished visitor will meet with the warmest welcome. The legal fraternity, to whom his visit is one of surpassing interest, has everywhere taken measures to make his tour of the fullest interest. His coming to Boston will not occur until the latter part of his journey, but when he comes the city will of course extend to him the warmest hospitality.

## THE APPROACHING EXHIBITIONS.

Although neither of these exhibitions has been loudly heralded, and neither has aroused much comment, together they will form a series of attractions noteworthy among the expositions that have been held in the country, and second only to the Centennial. They supplement each other most admirably, that of the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute being devoted to American interests solely, while the Foreign Exhibition, held in the building of the Charitable Mechanics' Association, has gathered the choicest products and manufactures from all the principal countries under the sun.

So that the two together—and the buildings are located so conveniently near each other that they could not be easier of access if they were united in one exhibition—form a world's fair of immense proportions and the greatest interest.

After the great and signal failure of several cities, Boston among the number, in attempting to "boom" a world's fair, these enterprises have gone steadily and quietly on, side by side, and now are almost ready to open in as magnificent a success as could be desired. And they have accomplished it all without a tithe of the noise that was made in getting up those failures. Which shows how much more can be expected of such an undertaking when it is in the hands of an association of business men, who know its value and importance, than when the attempt is made to ride it into operation on a outside limit.

A curious coincidence comes from Fall River. When the game of the notorious quartet of swindlers was up and WALTER PAINE ran away to Canada, the Catholes bought his elegant residence, into whose stately walls had gone the stolen earnings of widows and children, and made a covenant of it. Now they have bought the home of S. ANGEL CHACE, and propose to turn it into an orphan asylum. The peaceful-faced nuns and the happy-eyed children will need to pray much and earnestly for the former owners of the buildings.

The Institute Fair will perform the same offices on a smaller scale to the residents of our own country, and will make for our visitors from abroad a comprehensive showing of our resources. The exhibits from the West and South are unusually full. Those of the latter will show a wonderful progress in agriculture and manufactures. Those who visit this exhibition will come away with broader and more accurate ideas of the growth and conditions of the country. People in all kinds of business and from all parts of the country cannot do better than to pay a visit to Boston while these exhibitions are open. The city will offer ample hospitalities, and there is not a pleasanter month in the year in which to visit this corner of New England.

The three days' German festival that has just concluded in New York ought to teach our nervous Americans something in the art of enjoyment. The jolly Germans took themselves and their wives and their families from the oldest to the youngest to the scene of the festivities, and then proceeded to have a good time in that leisurely sort of way which is first nature with the German, but which it is next to impossible for the American to imitate. Think of a company of American business men leaving their business and staying quietly and contentedly three days at a picnic!

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## LUKE LEIGHTON;

OR,

## Loyal Hearts at the South.

### The Story of a Scout in the Great Rebellion.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

AUTHOR OF "FLURRY BROOK FARM," THE "DONALD DYKE" SERIES, ETC.

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## CHAPTER IX.

PLAYING AT REBELS.

Oscar West's warning was uttered with the greatest seeming earnestness.

For an instant the Union scout waited in his parlor, then, impatient with himself for the hesitation, he freed his arm from the grasp of the youth, saying:

"I am to join the Confederates as a sharpshooter, and not waste moments. You cannot fail to recognize the uselessness of your warning to a rebel sharpshooter—a mountaineer from the headwaters of the creek."

Loudly Oscar West clasped her hands, her beautiful face paling with anxiety.

"Then the reports and rumors which fill the town have you asked?" Louise asked.

"What reports?"

"That the new Federal president has called for volunteers by force of arms—the secession of the South."

"Yes, the rumors are true. Bloodshed cannot now be averted. It now appears as though Washington will be compelled to make war. The Confederate authorities are determined to obtain full possession of the city, while Union forces are concentrating there for its defense. All this reminds me, Louise, of a very unusual fact which I regret the necessity of pointing out."

"You have reported nothing, but unpleasant news since your arrival, paper."

"True. But this move particularly concerns you."

"I am to be a sharpshooter—marksmanship is all I have."

"Keep nothing back. He did not come to see me at the plantation as I expected him to do. So I suspect that something was wrong; I dare not suppose."

"All right," Edgeworth said, with a carefree laugh, and, striding swiftly through the undergrowth, quickly left. West in his rear.

Near the river he encountered Creston. The latter stopped him.

"It is the way in which you are to obey orders you can't seem to come into the ranks of my regiment. The colonel explained it to me."

"I began to think that the delay wasn't my fault. My horse shied at the water, and drifted down the stream. I had to wait about for some time before I found it. I'm ready now, though. I shall have you call me, if you want. There's a chance now!"

A third schooled his mind, and, glancing over his shoulder, he saw a small, dark, irregular circle, distinct yet outlined against the dark blue of the heavens. With the quickness of thought Luke Leighton raised his rifle, took aim and fired.

To his surprise, he heard a sharp crack, and Oscar West had joined them—the night-hawk's course was arrestered. The bird fluttered helplessly in the air for a moment, and then sank swiftly down to the trees.

The youth uttered an exclamation of admiration; Creston, although equally appreciative of the wonderful rifle shot, spoke up sharply:

"I don't know how to show my marksmanship. Johnson? There were any Union soldiers around a reckless shot like that would betray to those who captured us."

Leighton decided coolly to reload his weapon.

"There don't happen to be any Yankee soldiers hereabouts. If there was, I'd suppose I should have known it."

Our hero spoke unconsciously.

A faint gleam into the face of Oscar, who walked closely by his side, showed the scout that the youth was deeply perplexed—perhaps anxious also.

"That was a remarkable shot, Johnson."

Creston, however, was not surprised. The predeiced mountaineer was no ordinary character to deal with.

"It wouldn't have been much by moonlight. And on the water, if the man had been swimming at full moon he would have, I like, been a Yankee's deceptive, you see. So are the Yankees. Creston offered no response to this observation.

They were nearing the picket lines, and he was delaying but the dignified reticence of his official position.

Once West, too, was silent. He walked between the Confederate officer and the scout. The latter was trying to make up his mind concerning the strange boy, who went with his regiment, with the rest of the rebels. If he had run away, Creston, as he had once declared, why was he within the rebel lines, and possessed of the confidence of a Confederate?

The mystery grew more and more unathomable to Leighton the longer he reflected. He had watched Creston closely since returning from the skirmish, and could see no sign that he was recognized by the officer.

George Creston did not possess the power of clear discernment. He was really aware of the secret, but he had never had the opportunity of confiding in any, save his own thoughts.

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